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CUPID'S CAPERS

WRITTEN BY
LILLIAN GARDNER
ILLUSTRATED BY
DICK HARTLEY.

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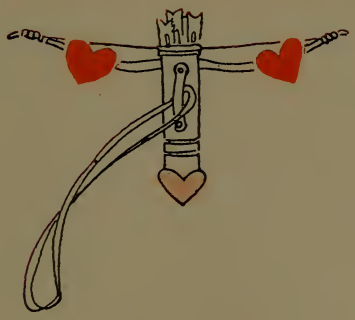

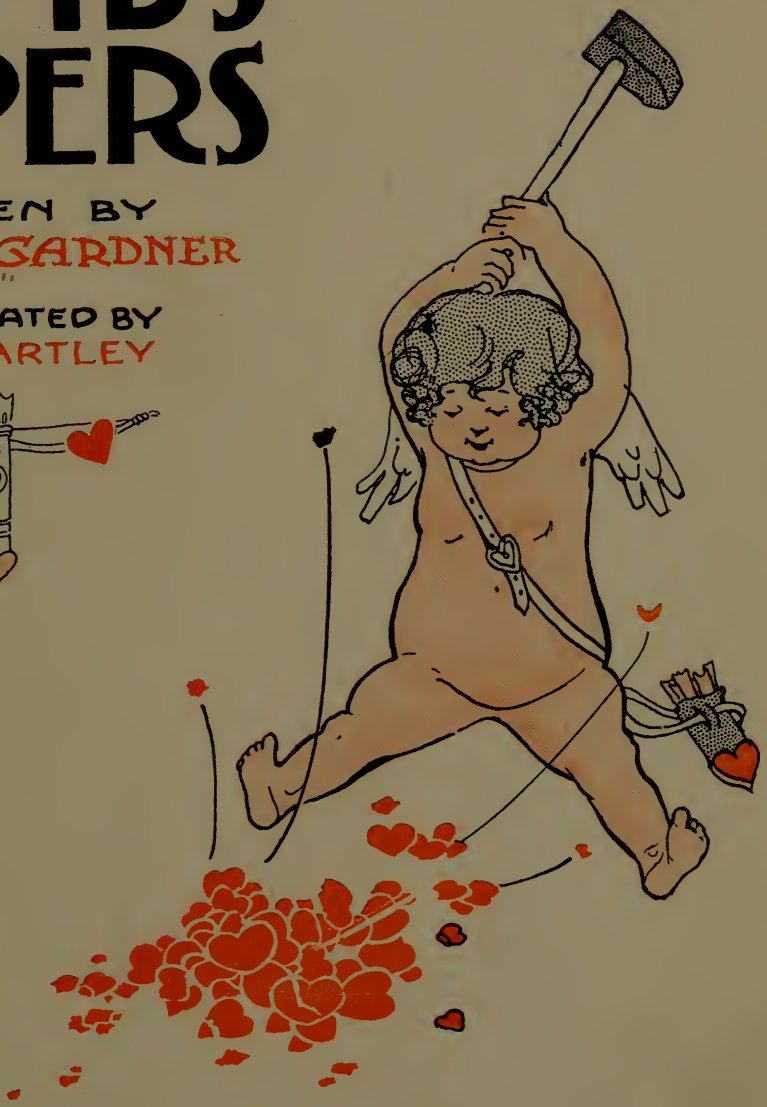

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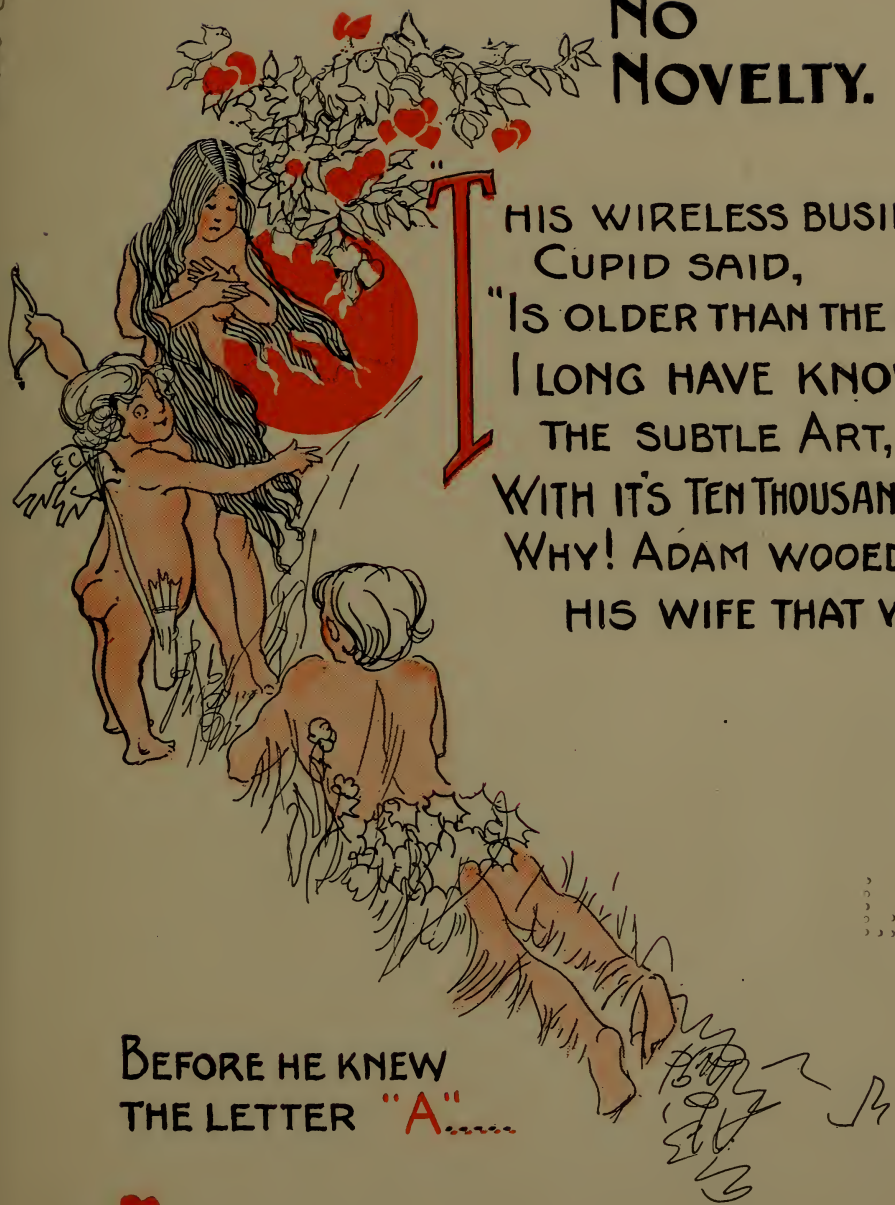
No Novelty.



"THIS WIRELESS BUSINESS,"
CUPID SAID,
"IS OLDER THAN THE HILLS,
I LONG HAVE KNOWN
THE SUBTLE ART,---
WITH IT'S TEN THOUSAND THRILLS;
WHY! ADAM WOOED
HIS WIFE THAT WAY---

BEFORE HE KNEW
THE LETTER "A".....

PAID IN FULL.

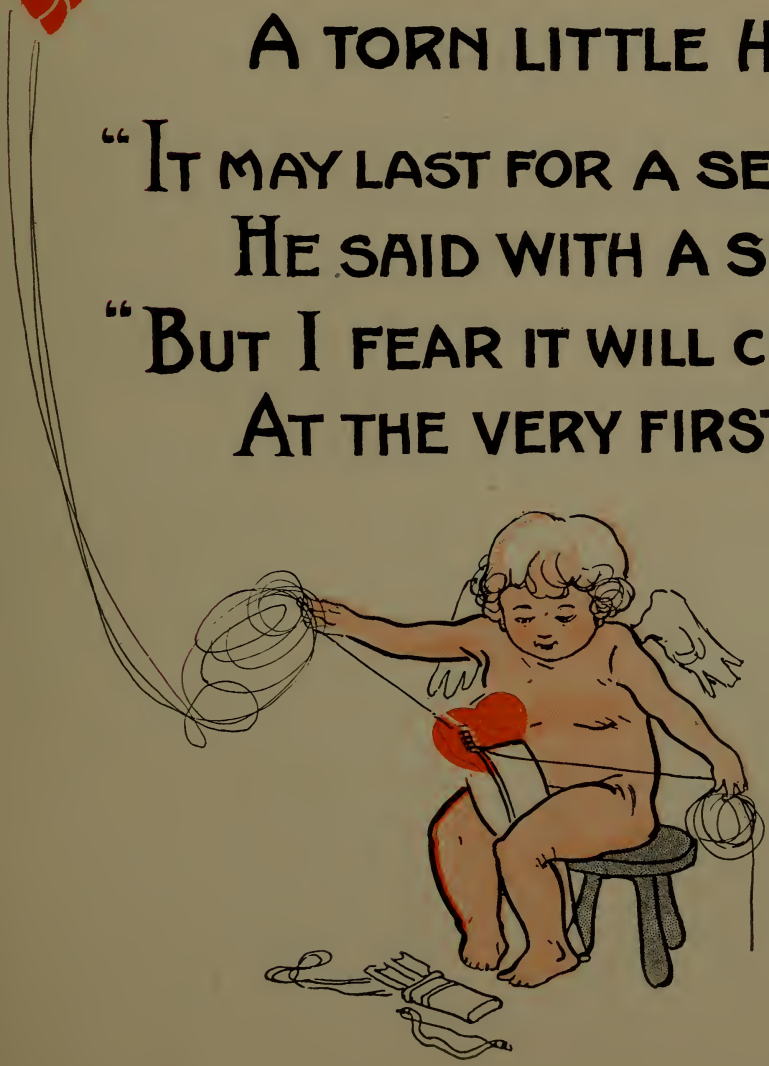
CUPID, THE VENDOR,
WENT PEDDLING HEARTS-
THE PRICE THAT HE ASKED WAS SMALL-
JUST GIVE ME A FEW LITTLE KISSES," HE SAID,
AND A FEW LITTLE SMILES,-THAT IS ALL."

I PAID HIM HIS PRICE FOR A GOLDEN HEART,
SINCE THE PURCHASING PRICE SEEMED SMALL,
BUT WHEN I HAD COUNTED UP THE COST-
I FOUND I HAD BARTERED.... MY ALL.....

CONSTANT REPAIR.

CLEVER CUPID, THE COBBLER,
WITH CONSUMATE ART,
SUCCEEDED IN PATCHING
A TORN LITTLE HEART.

"IT MAY LAST FOR A SEASON,"
HE SAID WITH A SHRUG,
"BUT I FEAR IT WILL CRACK
AT THE VERY FIRST HUG."



On the Wire.

"Puzzled," the message read—
"Give me Paradise," it said;
No one seemed to know the place,
So Cupid undertook the case.

He telephoned his answer clear—
"This is the way, my little Dear:
To never promise to 'obey,'.....

But love, in rapture,—for
a DAY."

A Flourishing Business

Busy-Cupid,
The Baker,
Had excellent trade,
The Maidens
all purchased
The Goodies he made.

He baked all
his cookies
In arrows and darts,
And his cakes
were all shaped
Into little--- Sweet-Hearts.

PITY VERSUS LOVE.

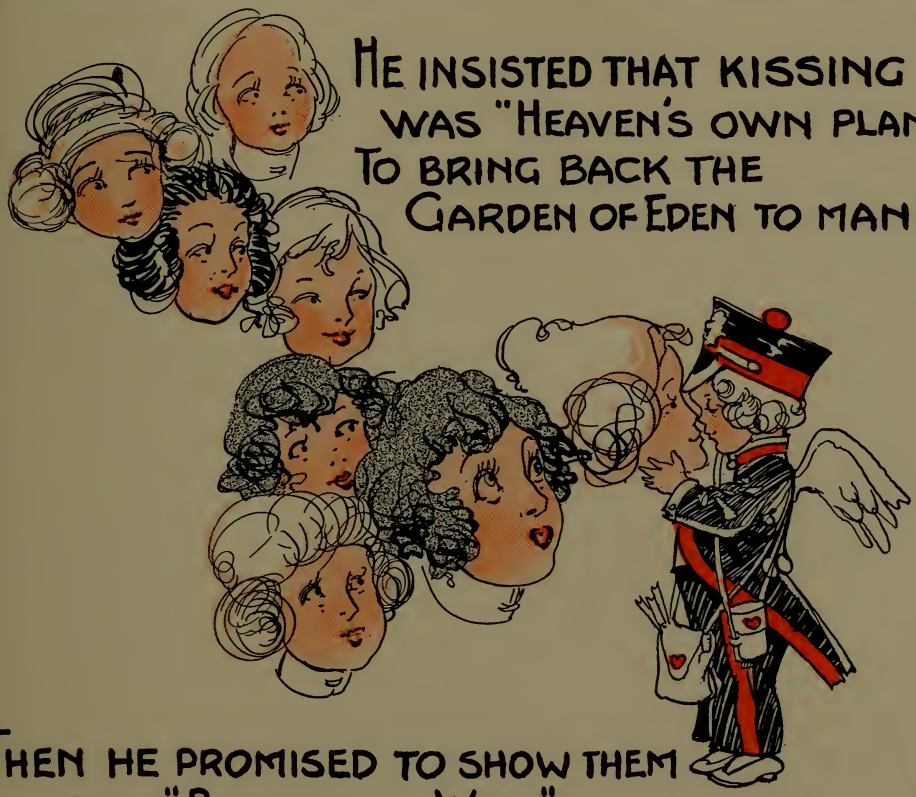
CUPID, THE NEWSBOY, HAD SOMETHING TO SELL—:
HE CALLED IT ALOUD, AND HE CALLED VERY WELL-----
"BUY THE NEWS—ALL THE LATEST,
ABOUT A LOST HEART!
MUCH BROKEN, AND PIERCED THROUGH
AND THROUGH WITH A DART!"

MY HEART, IN ONE THROB, TO THAT CALL MADE REPLY;
INTENSE WAS MY PITY, I CANNOT DENY.
I FRANTICALLY SEARCHED FOR THE
"VALUABLE LOST"
AND FOUND IT—: BUT AH!
WHAT THE FINDING DID COST.

ALL "CRUSHED BEYOND MEASURE"—THE HEART IT DID MOAN;
AND NOTHING COULD HEAL IT, BUT BLOOD FROM MY OWN;
ALL THE RAVAGES WROUGHT,
I COULD ONLY REPAIR
BY MY HEART'S FULL SURRENDER,—
I SOLEMNLY SWEAR.

LOVE'S COURIER.

CUPID THE COURIER, SCORED A SUCCESS.
HOW HE WON ALL THE LASSES, NONE EVER COULD GUESS,
AT HIS BLISSFULL ASSURANCE THEY NEVER DEMURRED;
HIS EXTRAVAGANT STATEMENT WAS "BIBLICAL WORD".



HE INSISTED THAT KISSING
WAS "HEAVEN'S OWN PLAN
TO BRING BACK THE
GARDEN OF EDEN TO MAN."

THEN HE PROMISED TO SHOW THEM
THE "BEAUTIFUL WAY,"
WHERE SWEETHEARTS MIGHT WANDER
"FOREVER AND AYE."

CUPID AND THE CONSTELLATIONS.

THERE'S SOMETHING "UP"
IN THE STARS, I KNOW,
OR THEY
WOULD NEVER
TWINKLE SO.

I'LL WAGER I COULD
MAKE THEM QUAKE
BEFORE
OLD SOL WAS
HALF AWAKE------

IF THE RIGHT LADDER
COULD BE FOUND,
TO REACH
FROM HEAVEN
TO THE GROUND;

THIS SPY-GLASS SEEMS
TO ME TO PROVE------

THAT THERE
ARE MILLIONS THERE,
IN LOVE.

An Appeal for Alms.

Poor little starving Love,
With not a crumb for food;
His white wings droop dejectedly
In his unhappy mood.

A beggar at your gate,
Soliciting your arms;

Ah! hold them out to him,
With all their winsome charms.

FOR LIFE.

CUPID THE BOATMAN, A LIFEBOAT DID BUILD,
AND MINDED IT NOT, THAT WITH WATER IT FILLED,
ONE OAR—IT WAS BROKEN, THE OTHER WAS LOST,
YET HE SAT IN THE BOW, AND SWEET KISSES HE TOST!

HE DRIFTED ALONG TO THE BANKS OF THE STREAM—
(THAT HE PLOTTED SOME MISCHIEF, WAS NO IDLE DREAM)
SOON—A SWEET LITTLE MAID, WITH THE BEST OF INTENT,
STEPPED INTO HIS LIFEBOAT AND···OVER IT WENT.

BARGAINS.

CUPID THE SADLER,
WAS STITCHING AWAY
ON A BRIDLE OF LEATHER,
THE OTHER DAY;
OUTSIDE HIS DOOR
THIS MESSAGE RAN,
IN SIGHT OF EVERY
SINGLE MAN:

"I MAKE A MATRIMONIAL HALTER.....
TO LEAD THE TIMID TO THE ALTAR."

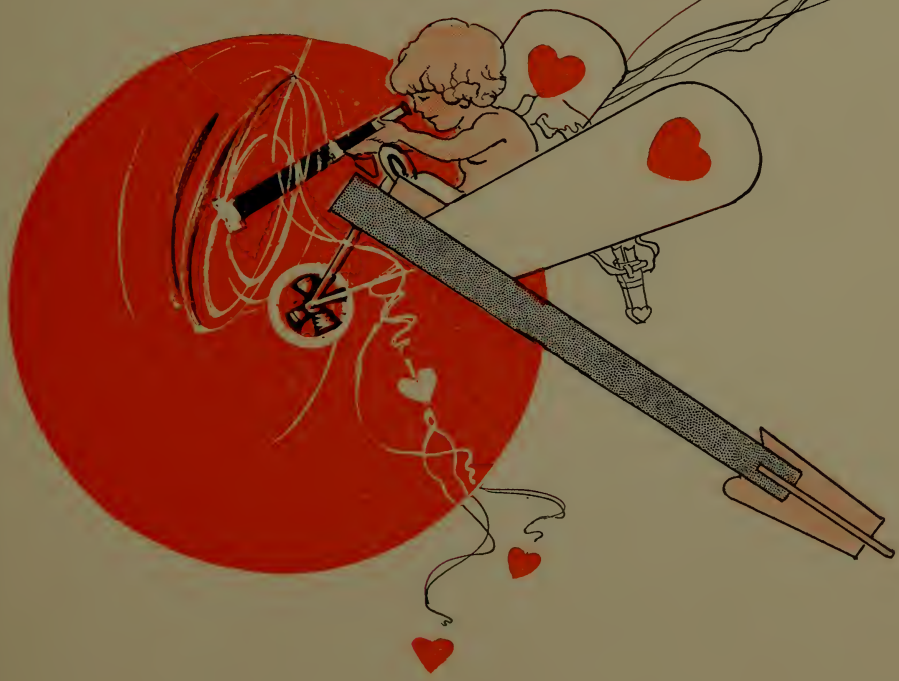
No Day Off.

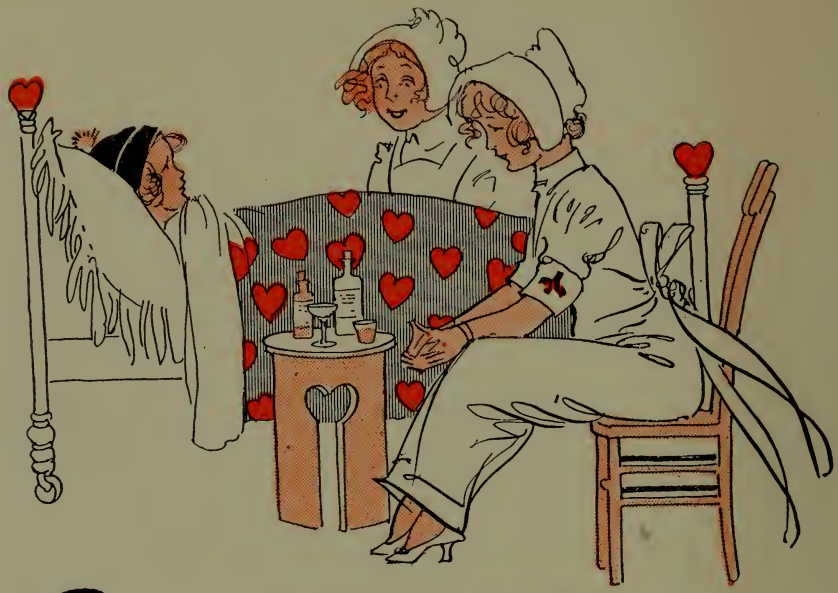
MUCH IN NEED OF RECREATION,
CUPID PLANNED A DAY'S VACATION;
"I CANNOT LINGER LONG," HE SAID,
THERE'S SO MUCH WORK FOR ME AHEAD;
IF PEOPLE KNOW I AM AWAY,
THE MISCHIEF SURE, WILL BE TO PAY."

JUST THEN TWO LOVERS PASSED HIS WAY----
HE SIGHED----"I'LL GO SOME OTHER DAY."

A New Worry.

Sir Cupid had captured a Flying-machine,
And up in the air he was constantly seen
Looking right—, looking left-------
With a spy-glass in hand,
Discerning the Heavens, and searching the Land;
"These novel devices are causing me trouble;
People are plotting to make my work double;
If I am successful in foiling their plan---
I'll promise a Sweet-Heart to
Every Man!"





Cupid the Umpire.

In a little white cot, all daintily dressed,
Lay the boy, but his secret none even had guessed.
All the nurses adored him, who cared for his case---
His curls and his winsome wee cherubic face.

He talked about arrows and bows, in his sleep.
And raved about hearts that he wanted to keep.
When questioned how he into trouble was led---
"Umpiring a Love Game"— he laughingly said.

ON DUTY.

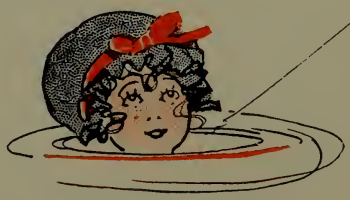
SAID CUPID,-THE WATCHMAN,
PREPARED FOR "A NIGHT"----,
"WHEN THE ROGUES ARE ABROAD--
I MUST KEEP THEM IN SIGHT!
IT IS GAY HALLOWEEN-----,
AND THE WITCHES ARE OUT
THERE IS TROUBLE
A-BREWING,
BEYOND ANY
DOUBT!"

In Disguise.

THE WICKED LITTLE LOVE-GOD,
A FISHING TRIP HE TOOK.
HE CARRIED JUST A DAINTY ROD
AND CRUEL LITTLE HOOK.

HIS BAIT—A TENDER LITTLE HEART,
HIS MIND ON MISCHIEF BENT,
HE ACTED WELL A PATIENT PART,
WHICHEVER WAY HE WENT.

HE CAST HIS CLEVER LITTLE LINE
WHERE WATERS LAVE AND SWATHE,
HE CAUGHT—THIS RECKLESS HEART OF MINE
WHEN I DASHED DOWN TO BATHE.



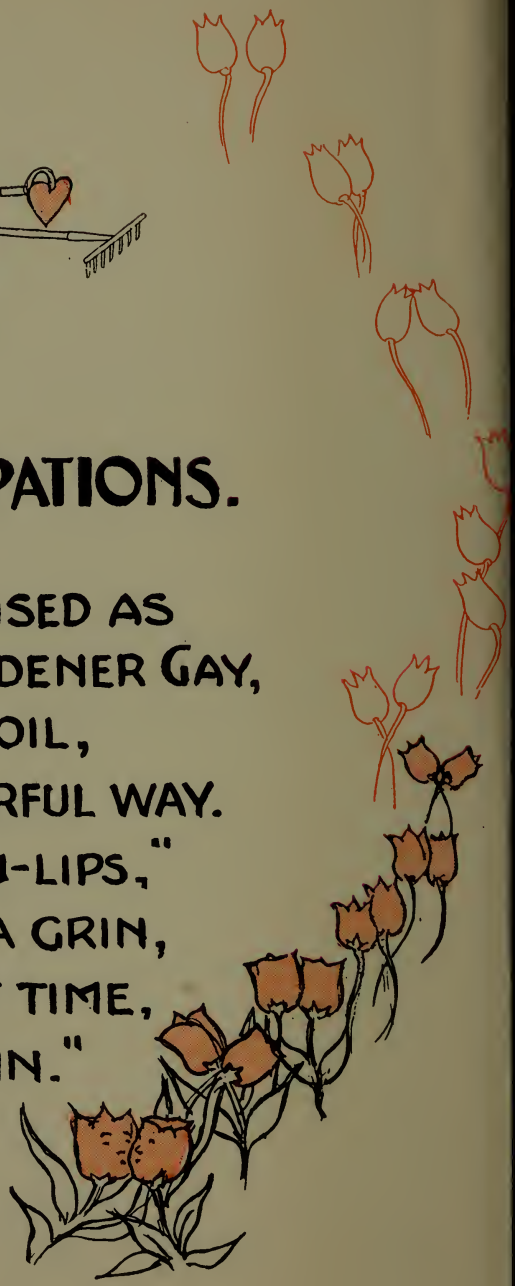
DISMISSED.

CUPID, CLAD IN CAP AND GOWN,-
STROLLED THE CAMPUS UP AND DOWN.
TWAS THERE HE MET HIS WATERLOO,
IN FAIR "CO-ED" WITH INSIGHT TRUE.

THE MAIDEN COLDLY PASSED HIM BY,
WHEN CUPID HEAVED A TENDER SIGH;
HER VOICE WITH SCORN, NOT PITY, RINGS:
"GO HIDE THOSE FOOLISH LITTLE--
WINGS."

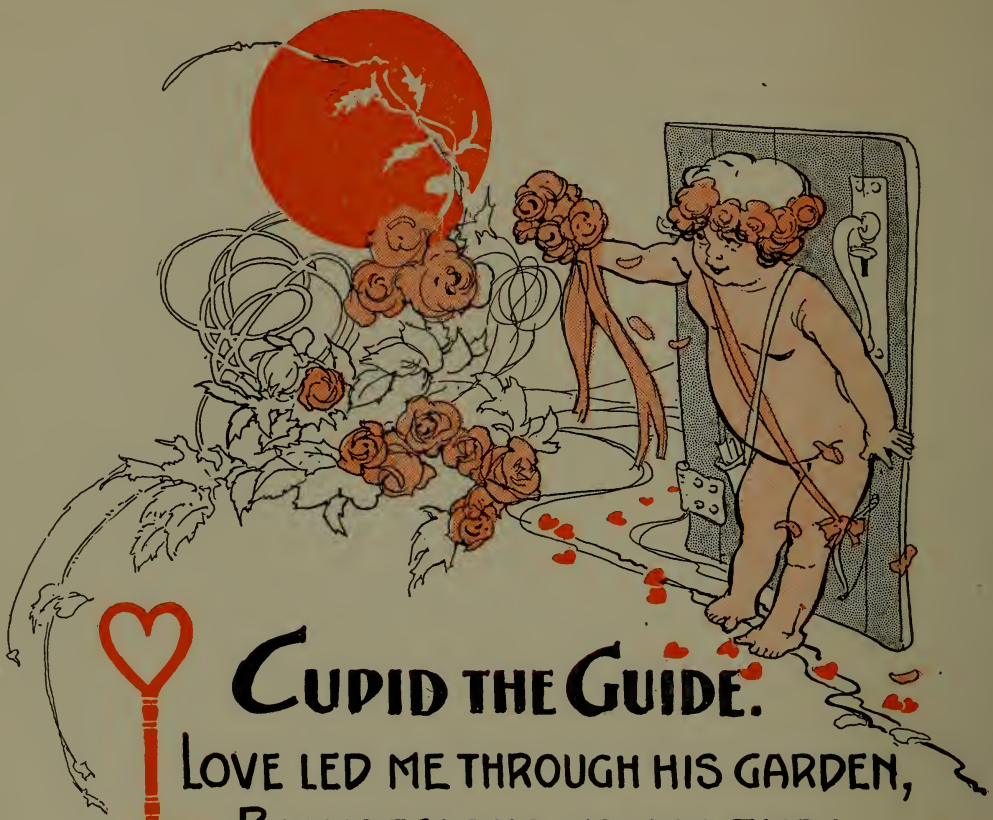
Great Anticipations.

Queer Cupid, disguised as
a Gardener Gay,
Was tilling the soil,
in a wonderful way.
"I'll plant only Tu-lips,"
He said with a grin,
"There'll be a sweet time,
at the gathering in."



The Hunting Season.

Young Cupid, the Sportsman,–
Was weary for Spring……
"When the Hearts are all <u>frozen</u>–
I can't do a thing……
Better sit by the fire-side
Toasting my shins,
'Till the Fourteenth of Feb.,
Then, the Shooting begins!!



Cupid the Guide.

Love led me through his garden,
Blindfolded to the end:
Then opened wide the gateway
And smiled—It was my Friend!

I closed and locked the lattice,
And tossed away the key:
"Let me wander on, through Roses,
O Best-Beloved, with thee!"

Love Letters.

Saint Valentine appoints a day,
When, once a year, Love has it's way.
Dan Cupid is his trusted Aid.----
Our Uncle-Sam is not afraid
To put his mail-bag in good hands:-
Poor Bachelor! He understands,
And sympathises with their plans.

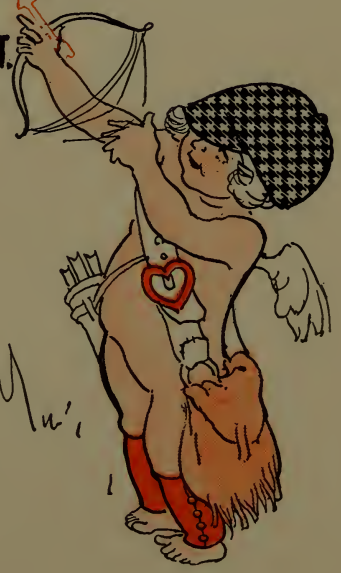
Astronomical Observations

Ho! Man in the Moon, sailing
out from your Highland,
Stealing a march on the
innocent Stars,
Show us the way, that a
"Mortal" may join you
In taking a peep at the
Maiden in Mars.

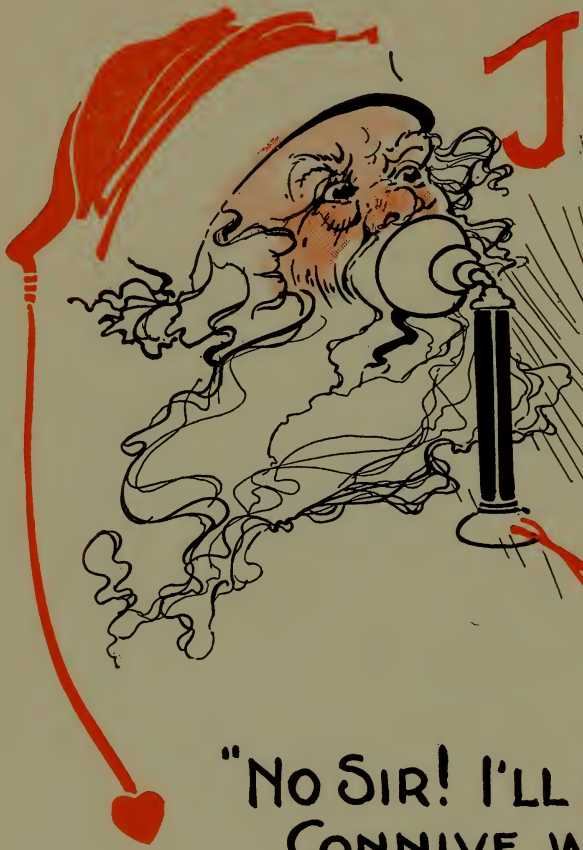
To The Death.

BRAVE CUPID WENT A-HUNTING--,
HE TOOK HIS ARROWS KEEN:
AND HID THEM SO COMPLETELY
THAT THEY WERE NEVER SEEN.

HE HUNTED ON RIGHT MERRILY,
WITH MANY A WOUNDING DART,
BUT FOUND HIS PERFECT CONQUEST
IN MY BLEEDING, BROKEN HEART.



Foiled Again.



Just before the
Holiday-----
Cupid pranks
began to play;
He telegraphed
to Old St. Nick,
And got his answer
double quick----:

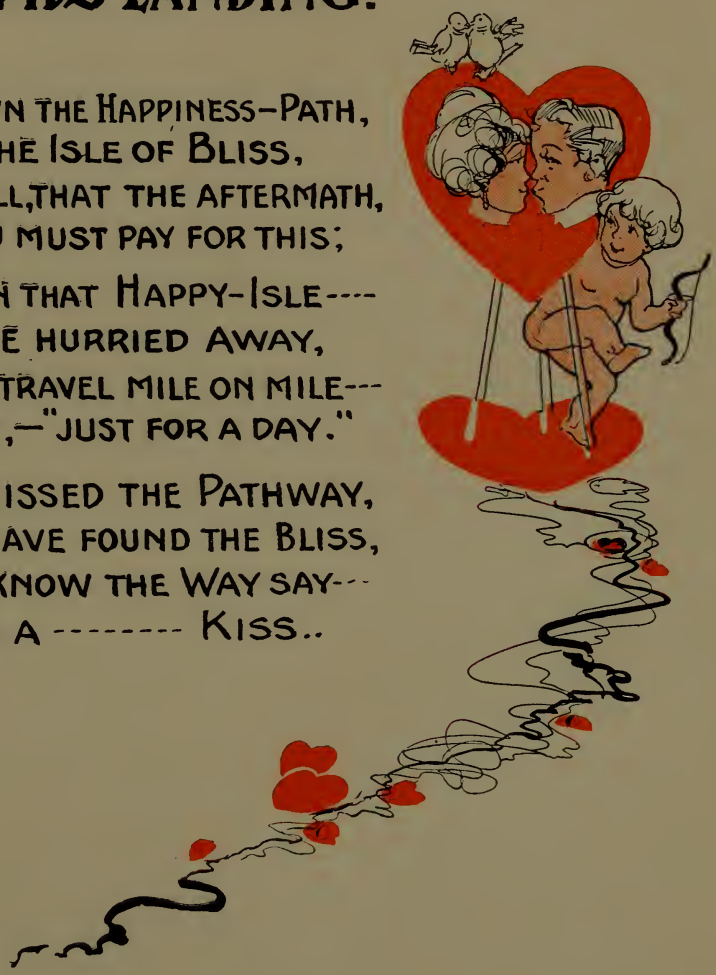
"No Sir! I'll NOT
Connive with you,
Nor help to put
Your mischief through;
My part is to delight a Heart,
Not pierce it with a fiery dart."

Cupid's Landing.

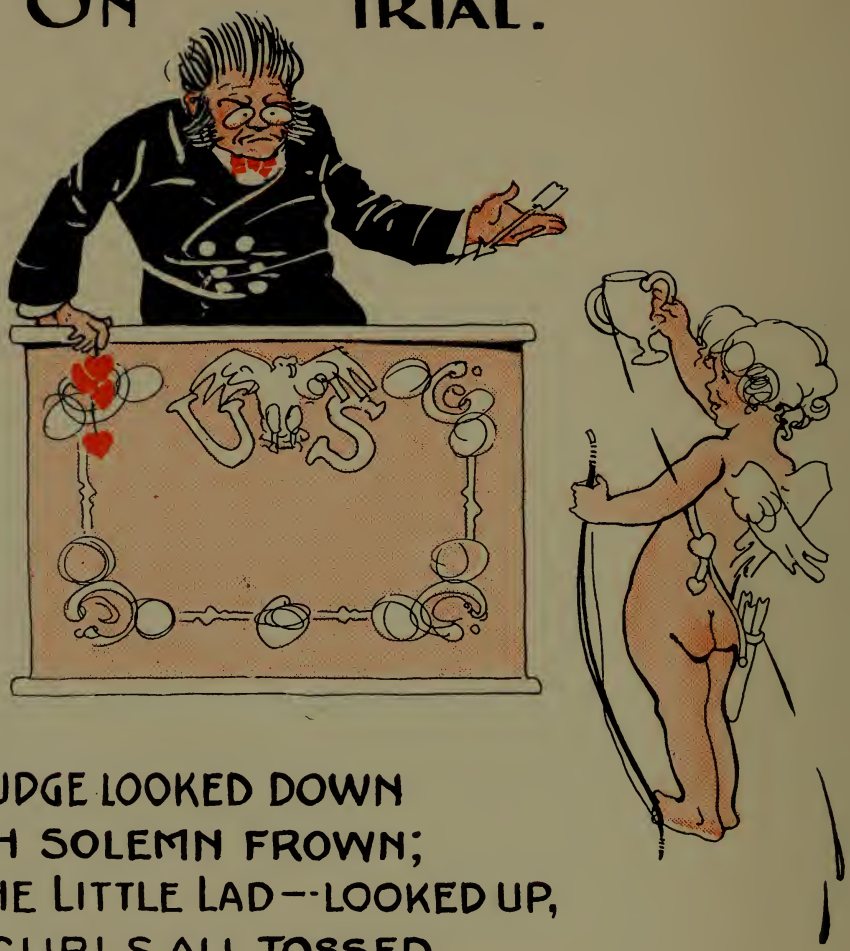
If you wander down the Happiness-Path,
That leads to the Isle of Bliss,
You know full well, that the aftermath,
Is the price you must pay for this;

For no one stays in that Happy-Isle----
And many have hurried away,
While thousands travel mile on mile---
To dwell there,—"just for a day."

So many have missed the Pathway,
And---never have found the Bliss,
Yet those who know the way say---
It is hidden in a -------- Kiss..



On Trial.



THE JUDGE LOOKED DOWN
WITH SOLEMN FROWN;
THE LITTLE LAD--LOOKED UP,
HIS CURLS ALL TOSSED,
HIS WHITE WINGS CROSSED,
HE HELD A LOVING-CUP.

"YOU'RE CHARGED WITH
MAKING PEOPLE "MAD"
WITH DRINKING OF YOUR WINE;"
THE CULPRIT CALMLY
RAISED THE CUP...
"JUST SIP, "YOUR HONOR', 'TIS DIVINE."

HELD UP.

"AH! HERE COME TWO BASHFUL ONES, OUT FOR A RIDE.
(A LAD THAT'S TOO STUPID— I CANNOT ABIDE--)
I'LL JUST GIVE THE PAIR A SUGGESTION OR TWO,"
AND THEN WE SHALL SEE WHAT THE SILLIES WILL DO."

HE AIMED VERY SURE, AND THE ARROW TOOK FLIGHT;
THE MAID GAVE A SHRIEK--AND THE BOY--ACTED RIGHT.
WHILE THE TWO NEVER NOTICED THE WAY THAT HE WENT,
CUPID LEFT THEM-EMBRACING-------
THE CHANCE THAT HE SENT.

Hearts Annealed.

People, pausing on their way-----,
Stood amazed on New Year's Day;
Cupid, with his anvil ringing,
Forging firm and sweetly singing:

"Hearts, if hard this "Happy Season,"
Should be hammered into Reason."

SURRENDERED.

DAN CUPID DECIDED
TO WAR HE WOULD GO.
HE SHARPENED HIS ARROWS
AND TIGHTENED HIS BOW:—

IN A "FULL UNIFORM",
HE ENLISTED "FOR LIFE—"

AND PROUDLY PARADED,
TO DRUM AND TO FIFE;

HE WAS WOUNDED, AT LENGTH, BY HIS OWN CRUEL DART,—
FOR A PRETTY NURSE CAPTURED------
HIS TENDER YOUNG HEART...

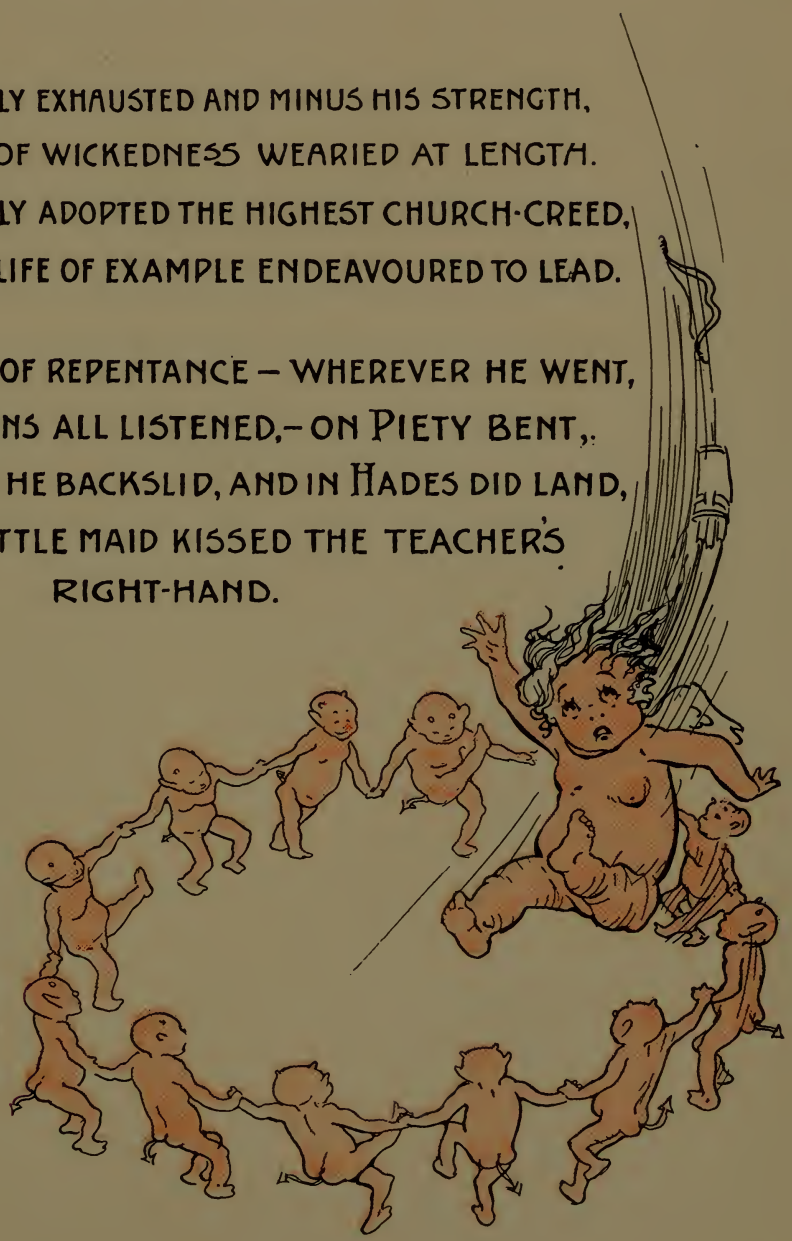
His Cupidity Foiled.

It was well befitting his final state,
When Cupid stood outside the Gate
And begged at last to be taken in —
He should find no pardon for
his sin.
St. Peter eyed the Culprit o'er---
Then firmly closed the Golden Door-
"We make the matches here you know,
Take back your arrows and
your bow."

Too Tempting

Completely exhausted and minus his strength,
Cupid of wickedness wearied at length.
He meekly adopted the highest church-creed,
And a life of example endeavoured to lead.

He talked of repentance — wherever he went,
The maidens all listened,— on Piety bent,
But alas! - he backslid, and in Hades did land,
For one little maid kissed the teacher's
right-hand.



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